MYTHS OF OLD GREECE

VOL. III.

Seymour

MYTHS

OF

OLD GREECE.

VOLUME III.

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MYTHS OF OLD GREECE. III.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Orpheus was the son of the god Apollo; and Apollo, proud of his beautiful son, gave him his own mellow-stringed lyre, and taught him to play so sweetly upon it, that not only men and women, but even the beasts of the field stopped to listen; and, listening, forgot their wicked, savage passions and became, one and all, gentle and loving as the lambs on the sunny hillside. Even the trees quivered and sighed, and the rocks melted before his tender strains.

When Orpheus became a man, he won with his sweet music the beautiful Eurydice

for his wife; but alas, happy though they were, they were subject to an evil fate, and soon their joy was at an end. For one day, when Eurydice was wandering with her nymphs in the fields, she stepped upon a poisonous snake which turned and bit her, poisoning her so that she died from the cruel wound.

Poor Orpheus! For a time he had no heart to touch the lyre, and all the earth was sad and still. But one day he went out into the streets with it in his hand, and sang his grief out into the summer air.

Brave men wept great tears of sympathy, so tender and so touching was his music, and even the gods on Mt. Olympus looked softly down upon him.

"Go thou down into Hades," said Jupiter to Orpheus, "and thou shalt find thy wife;

bring her back with thee up into the light of day."

Gladly Orpheus obeyed. Down through the great cave, across the black river, Styx, into the abode of the shades, he boldly made his way, playing sweet music as he went; and there, in the midst of the great hosts that had left the earth, he saw his own Eurydice, most beautiful of them all.

"O Pluto," he sang; "give back to me my Eurydice, stolen from me and from the upper world while youth and beauty and happiness were yet full upon her." And so tender was his voice, so soft the tones of his lyre, that the shades gathered close around him; and even Pluto's stern heart was moved to tears. Afar off, white and shining, stood Eurydice, her arms stretched out towards him, and the tears pouring down her face.

"Take her, take her," said Pluto; "but one command you must obey. As you go out from this realm of mine, playing sweet music as you go, — music that shall draw Eurydice forth, following in the wake of its melody, not once must you look back, over-eager or doubting my word with regard to her. If this command you disobey, she is lost indeed to you until such time as you yourself shall come to dwell among us forever."

With heart bounding with joy, Orpheus, with one radiant look of joy at Eurydice, raised his lyre, and turned his steps again towards the upper world.

On, on, through the great masses of shades he hastened, making most joyous music as he passed. Out into the darkness, even down to the River Styx, he had made his way. But alas, alas, in his love for Eurydice,

and in his fear lest she should not have followed, he forgot the command of Pluto and turned his eager face to look upon her.

Poor Orpheus! poor Eurydice! There stood the stern Pluto, his deep gaze full upon the twain. And when Orpheus turned, Pluto raised his sceptre; his deep voice rolled out into the darkness and Eurydice was lost again to her brave husband who had dared so much for her.

But the ferryman cared little for the grief that now fell upon the loving youth. Quickly and silently he rowed him across the Styx, and left him there upon the farther bank.

For many and many a day Orpheus sat by the riverside, his broken lyre in his hand, and often in the deep darkness of the night he would play music so sad and tender, so full of

the wail of a broken heart, that even the stars grew dim and the trees sighed in sympathy for him.

CHARON, THE FERRYMAN.

Sometimes Orpheus would wander up and down the bank, but never far away, singing always of the lost Eurydice, till, at last,

the heart of Jupiter was moved with compassion for him, and he sent down a message of death to the sad singer. So Orpheus was released from life, and the pale ferryman again rowed him across the dark waters,— this time to dwell forever with Eurydice in the peaceful home of Pluto — the quiet land of shades.

YOUNG HERCULES.

HERCULES.

When Hercules, a mere babe, lay in his cradle by the sounding sea, there came up out of the deep waters two terrible serpents. They were cruel, venomous serpents, with the strength of an Atlas, and with the poison of death in their fangs.

Swiftly and noiselessly they glided towards the cradle where the child slept. Up the sides of the cradle, over the top they writhed; when lo! the child raised himself from his pillow, stretched out his baby arms and strangled the great slimy creatures!

"Was there ever such a wonderful child?" said the people. "Surely he is born to do great things."

And indeed, as the years went on, he proved himself worthy of this prophecy of his babyhood; for he came to be one of the greatest of all the Greek heroes, the bravest, the truest, the noblest. Little children in all the ages after were taught to admire this grand hero, and to try to be like him in heart and mind and courage.

Now it happened that as he grew up, he was made subject to the control of a wicked, jealous cousin, who spared no pains to make the brave youth's life unhappy.

More than that — he sought to slay him; and it was with this hope that he sent him to do the twelve hard tasks which made him famous—though that was far from the cousin's intention — and which came to be known as:

THE TWELVE LABORS OF HERCULES.

The first task was to go forth into the

great valley of Nemea, and slay the terrible Nemean lion.

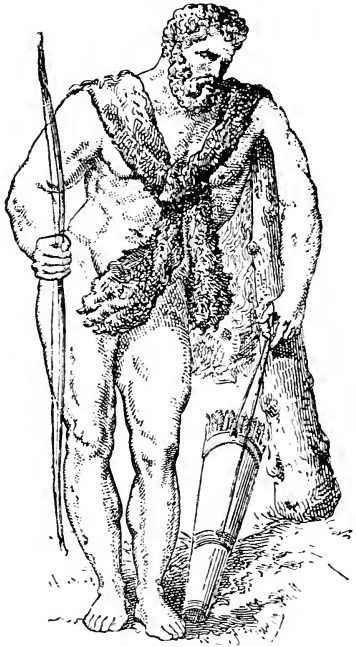
For a long time this creature had infested the valley, and each morning had devoured the children of the people.

"Bring me the skin of the lion," had been the cruel cousin's command; and bravely, though sad at heart, the hero had set forth.

It was a fierce hard fight; clubs and arrows had no effect upon the thick, hard hide of the lion; and in vain would Hercules have contended had he not thrown down his weapons, and, marching straight up to the roaring foe, seized him by the jaws and strangled him.

"I will carry to my cousin," said Hercules, "not only the hide, but the whole animal." And so, throwing the lion across his shoulder, Hercules carried him home in victory.

From the hide the brave hero made a mantle for himself, and from that time on



HERCULES.

wore it always as a token of his own first great victory.

Angry at his success, the cousin sent Hercules out at once upon a second labor.

In the swamps of Argos, there dwelt in the slimy waters a horrible, nine-headed creature, called by the people the Hydra.

Of these nine heads, one was immortal; and, moreover, until that was struck off, two would grow in the place of each one that fell beneath the club.

"Very well," said Hercules, "if that is the effect of the club upon you, I will try another means;" and so, holding the terrible Hydra with all his force, he burned off the eight heads; and seizing the immortal one, he thrust it under a great mountain, where, able neither to die nor to get free, it writhes and roars even to this day.

Again Hercules was sent forth — this time to the labor of cleaning the floors of the filthy Augean stables, where hundreds of cattle had been stalled for thirty years.

"And this," said the cousin, "is to be done in a day."

Hercules went to the stables and looked. Fifty men could not have performed the task in a year! But with Hercules there was no such word as fail. He stood in the great door-way and looked out across the fields. There lay the waters of the beautiful sparkling River Peneus.

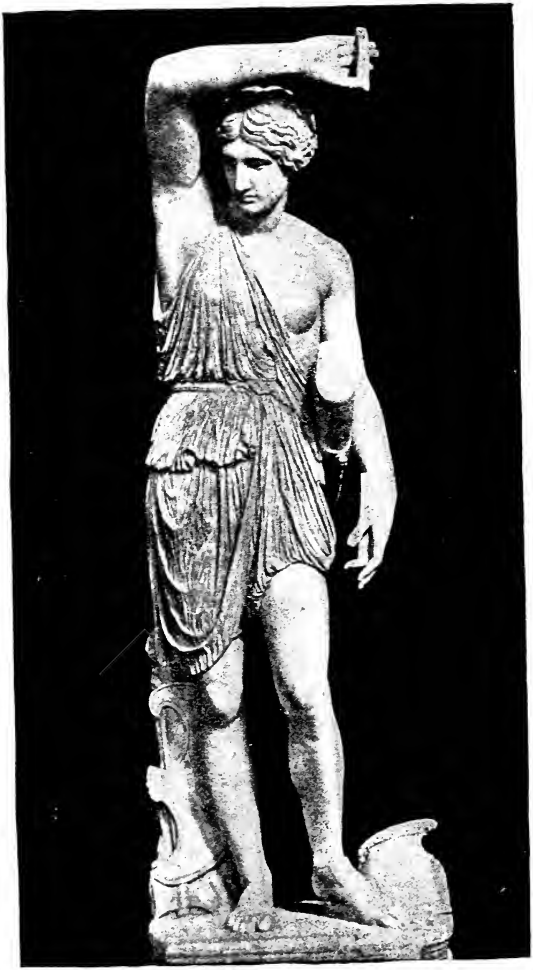
"Turn the waters of the river through the stable," whispered some good voice; and Hercules went to work. In a few hours a great ditch was dug, and through it, straight into the stable, rushed the rapid current of the river. How it rushed, and roared, and foamed, covering the stable floor! And then, pouring forth itself and all the filth, it seethed out into the great meadows beyond.

Next was given Hercules a task of a

different nature; one requiring not strength but tact.

In a far off land dwelt the Amazons, a race of war-like women, who had great cities, were very powerful in combat, and who allowed no stranger within their gates. Now, the Queen of the Amazons owned a wonderful, magic girdle; that Hercules was sent to seize and bear away.

No one knows how it was accomplished; but Hercules was admitted to the city of the Queen, and even to her royal palace. For many days he remained a guest in the city, feted and banqueted by his royal hostess. He even won from her the promise that when he went away he should wear the magic girdle for his own. But just here the fates interfered; the Queen became suspicious of her guest, and fell upon him with her army of trained



AMAZON (VATICAN, ROME.)

warriors. It was a terrible battle; but Hercules won the girdle, and away he flew across the plains and over mountains to his home, where he delivered the girdle to his cruel cousin.

But no sooner had he reached home with the prize, than away he was hurried again — this time to slay the oxen of a terrible, three-headed monster who dwelt far away to the west, and who guarded the oxen by another two-headed monster as terrible as himself. On his way, when almost there, Hercules came upon a great mountain of rock which impeded his progress. He had neither time nor inclination to scale it, nor even to go around it. What more likely, then, than that he should grasp it in his mighty hands, tear it asunder, and pass through!

This he certainly did; and there to this day the two great rocks stand — the Pillars of

Hercules — guarding the entrance right and left, and forming the Straits of Gibraltar.

But of them all, the most wonderful was our hero's success in reaching the garden of the Hesperides and securing the golden apples of Juno.

Now, many brave youths had gone in search of these golden apples, but the tree was guarded by a dragon so fierce that no one had ever dared go near it.

"I will find this tree," said Hercules, the young giant, "and I will kill this dragon and bring back the apples."

"Many brave youths have said that," thought the people; "but the dragon is very terrible to look upon."

"I'm not afraid," laughed Hercules. And, throwing his cloak of lion skin over his shoulders he started forth with his great club upon his journey.

Up and down mountains Hercules traveled, over hills and plains, across great rivers, until at last he reached the land beyond the setting sun.

"Where is the tree that bears the golden apples?" cried Hercules, seeing afar off a great giant.

"Come across the sea and I will tell you," shouted the giant.

"I am coming," shouted Hercules; and with, two or three great strides, Hercules had crossed the water.

"What is this great round ball you carry upon your back?" asked Hercules as he came near.

"This great round ball is the earth," answered the giant.

"Then you must be the giant Atlas," cried Hercules.

"That is my name," said the giant.

"I have heard of you," answered Hercules,

ATLAS.

"and I am glad to see you. There are wonderful stories told of you in my country;

and I have often wished I might chance to find you in my journeys to distant countries."

"Who are you, pray?" asked Atlas, shifting the earth over upon his other shoulder that he might see his bold guest more plainly.

"I? I am Hercules," shouted our hero.

"Hercules! Hercules! Are you the Hercules that was a giant in strength even when a baby?" cried Atlas. "Are you the Hercules that has performed the great Labors?

"Indeed, young man, your fame has reached me even in this far-off land. But, brave as you have been, you will never find the golden apples."

"Why?" asked Hercules. "Because," answered Atlas, "no one can enter that garden but me. But if you will take this great ball upon your shoulders, I will go and get the

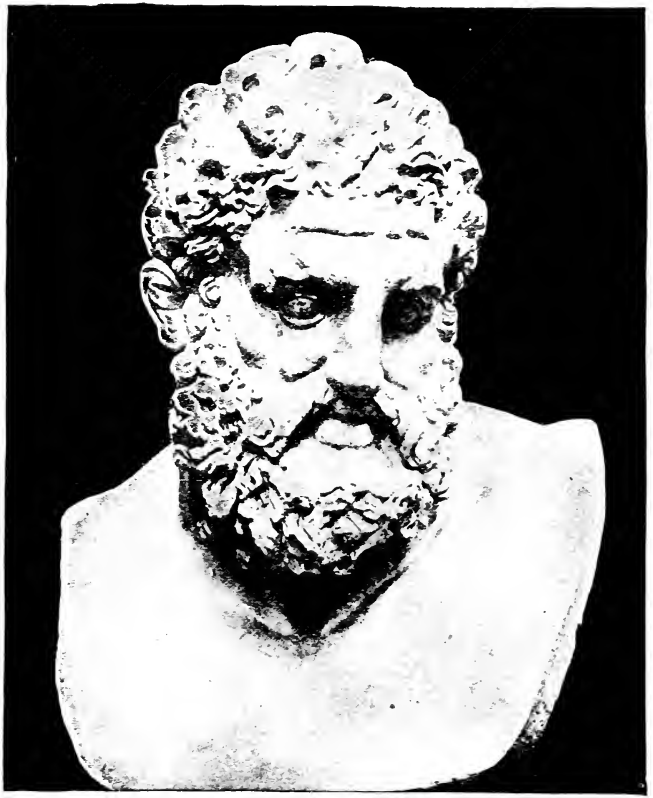
apples for you. I shall be very glad of a little rest and change."

So Hercules took the earth upon his shoulders, and away Atlas ran towards the far off garden. How heavy the earth grew! "I can never hold it! O dear!" And the earth rolled back and forth from one shoulder to the other.

"O dear! O dear," cried the people on the earth. "How the earth rocks and rolls! There must be a terrible earthquake!"

Soon Atlas returned, bearing in his hand three golden apples. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "How do you like to carry the earth?"

"O hurry," groaned Hercules, "my back will break!" "O no," laughed Atlas, "I am not coming back. Ha! ha! good-bye!" and away he ran up the hillside.



HERCULES.

"Come back!" shouted Hercules. "At least you might help me to put my lion skin across my shoulder for the earth to rest upon."

"O yes, I will do that," shouted Atlas, coming towards Hercules.

Now Atlas was not very bright. Such very heavy people usually are stupid; and as he came near, laughing all the while at his own escape, Hercules, quick as a flash of lightning, rolled the earth over on to the shoulders of Atlas, seized the golden apples, and flew away.

"Such dreadful earthquakes as there have been," said the people to Hercules when he had reached his home again. Whole cities have been laid flat. But Hercules held up the golden apples and the people, forgot all about their troubles, so glad were they to see the apples.

"How did you get them?" the people asked. Hercules did not answer, and the people never knew.

Then there was the famous encounter

with Antæus, the son of Mother Earth, and whose strength could not be overcome so long as he stood upon the ground.

Many and many a brave youth had fought with him; but never had Antæus been even harmed.

Now Hercules would have been quite willing to have escaped from this giant; but Antæus saw him passing through his territory and shouted to him to come and contend for his life, as, indeed, it was his custom to shout to every unfortunate that chanced to come within hearing of his mighty voice.

There was no escape; and Hercules would not play the coward by taking to flight.

Accordingly the two faced each other. Over and over they rolled; sometimes one, sometimes the other, seemed victorious; but at last the bright mind of the hero perceived

that every time Antæus was thrown to the ground, he arose with strength redoubled. "We will see," said Hercules; and, rushing upon the giant, he seized him by the waist and lifted him high in the air.

How the old giant kicked and howled! But Hercules only held him all the more tightly, and very soon the thunderous tones grew weaker and weaker; the kicking ceased; and the great Antæus gave himself up, a defeated, humbled creature; and never again did he seize upon mortals who passed through that part of the country, challenging them to a battle in which there was for them no hope of victory.

So passed the life of the Greek's favorite hero; and when at length the time came for him to die, Jupiter, descending from Olympus with his golden chariot of winged horses, wrapped him in a shining cloud, and bore him to the home of the gods.

There he was met by the beautiful cup-bearer, Hebe, who gave him to drink of the immortal wine; and he became henceforth one of the gods, and dwelt forever among them upon the Olympic Mount.

HEBE.

STATUE OF THESEUS (BARYE)

THESEUS.

There was in Greece another brave hero whose fame was as widely spread as that of Hercules himself.

This hero's name was Theseus, and he

was a son of one of the kings of Minerva's proud city — Athens.

Theseus was brought up in a simple village far away from Athens; but when he became a youth he was sent to his father at Athens, bearing with him a rare old signet ring, a sword, and a pair of ancient sandals, by which he might prove himself to the king to be the Theseus he claimed to be.

Very gladly the king received his son; for he was tall, and straight, and brave, and handsome, and any king might well be proud of such a son.

Nine days of feasting were at once appointed, and all the people in the city were invited to the royal palace to welcome the new prince.

Already, on his journey, Theseus had met with wonderful adventures, and the countries

through which he had passed were still ringing with praises of the brave lad who carried the sword and wore the strange old sandals.

Theseus, like the true hero he was, did not tell of these adventures, hoping thereby to win honor from his kingly father and from the people.

"I must do brave deeds in the city of Athens and for the people of Athens," said he, "if I would win their favor."

But the stories of his brave deeds reached the city, and proud indeed were the king and the people that the prince had proven to be so grand a hero.

"I come," said a courier from the far east, "to tell you of a brave youth, who, passing through my country, slew the terrible Periphetes, who, for all time, has held in fear the

travelers that pass our way; for always did he bear an iron club with which he smote even the bravest who dared resist him."

"And I," said another from another country, "come to tell the glad news. The cruel Procrustes, the king, is slain; he whose pleasure it has been to seize upon travelers and bind them to his terrible iron frame, and with taunts and jeers bid the unfortunate ones to sleep. But alas! little sleep was there for such as fell into his cruel power; for first must they be fitted to the frame, being stretched with cruel chains if perchance they proved too short, or have their limbs struck off with the sword if they proved too long. Alas, what terrors have our people borne, and with what joy do we feast now that Procrustes is slain by the club of the brave young stranger."

But when the nine days of feasting were over, there fell upon the palace and the city a deep gloom. For whole hours the old king would sit looking out across the waters, and then deep groans would fill the air.

"What is the meaning of this sorrow?" asked Theseus.

But no one in the city would tell him. "It is nothing that you can help," they would say, shaking their heads most sadly.

"What right," said Theseus to the old king, "have these people to keep a secret from me, their prince? I demand to know what this sorrow is that lies so heavily upon the hearts of you all."

"Alas, brave Prince," said the king, "it is, as they have said, a hopeless sorrow; nor is there any use to fight against the Fates that will these things.

"Each year is our city forced by cruel King Minos to send him seven of our bravest youths and seven of our most beautiful maidens."

"But why?" cried Theseus, impatient.

"These youths and maidens," the sad old king went on, "are devoured one by one by the terrible Minotaur, who will eat only human flesh and will drink only human blood."

"This year, then," said Theseus, "there need be chosen only six brave youths, for I myself will go."

In vain did the old king plead with Theseus to stay. "I have no other son," he wept, "on whom to lean in these my declining years." But neither the tears of his father nor the prayers of the people could change his purpose. "Think you," the Prince said, "that I would allow my helpless countrymen to

suffer in my stead? Think you I would rest here in the luxury of my father's palace while some brave son of the people gave his life for the country that I love?"

And so a great vessel was made ready, black sails were raised, and with sad hearts the people bade farewell to the youths and maidens who, they knew full well, would never return again to the city of Athens.

It was a long, sad voyage; and when the island of King Minos was reached, there stood the king ready to receive them, and ready, too, was the tower in which they were to be imprisoned till such time as the dainty Minotaur should demand his victims.

"I am Theseus, the son of the king of Athens," said our hero; "and I have brought with me the thirteen other youths and maidens as, I am told, is the custom of the city over which my father reigns."

"Theseus?" cried the king; "the Theseus that slew Periphetes and the terrible Procrustes as well?"

"I am that Theseus," was our hero's reply.

"Come with me to my palace," said the king; "for I would indeed talk with so great a hero as I know you to be."

And so, while the thirteen youths and maidens were hurried away to the tower, Theseus was taken to the royal palace.

There for long hours the king and the prince talked together. They talked of Athens, of the Minotaur, of Periphetes, of Procrustes, and of all the heroes that had ever been.

"Cruel, cruel fate!" groaned the king, "that so brave a youth as this should die."

"Can you not save him?" begged Ariadne, the beautiful daughter of King Minos.

ARIADNE.

But the old king shook his head. "No, no," he said; "he has come and he must die."

But Ariadne's little head and heart were very busy. She waited until deep slumber had fallen upon the household, and then crept out to the tower where Theseus was imprisoned.

"Brave Prince," she whispered; and Theseus heard.

"Come down the staircase. Rouse all your comrades and bid them wait till you return. I have unbarred the door."

Quickly Theseus obeyed the commands of Ariadne, and hurried out into the blackness.

"Come quick," she said, "to the labyrinth where the Minotaur lies sleeping.

It is a strange place, with winding ways; and without help no youth could find his way back into the world again. But here is a

golden thread. Tie it to your waist. Go into the labyrinth, slay the Minotaur with this magic sword, then pull hard the golden thread, and by it I will draw you safely out."

Gladly did Theseus follow the beautiful Ariadne's directions, and into the labyrinth he plunged.

It was, indeed, as she had said, winding and blind to follow. Nearer and nearer he crept to the great open space where the horrible Minotaur lay sleeping. Louder and louder grew the great beast's snores as he approached; but with the golden thread, Theseus felt sure of success and a safe return to the upper world again.

It was a quick, terrible battle that followed; but with a last thrust of the magic sword, the Minotaur, with one great roar, fell dead.

"That roar might have awakened the

world," said Theseus to himself; and, pulling the thread, he was drawn along the paths back again to the entrance where the brave princess waited to guide him farther.

"Hurry! hurry!" she said. "Get the youths and maidens! Rush to the ship; for I fear already the servants of the palace are awake!"

And away Theseus flew. Not a second too quick were they; for hardly had Theseus pushed the keel out into the deep waters than there came rushing down from the palace the old king himself. For he had heard the dying roar of the Minotaur and had feared some harm had come to him.

But he reached the shore too late; already the oarsmen were fast at work, and Theseus, with Ariadne close beside him, stood hard at the helm.

Away, away they flew; and when the sun arose above the waters, nowhere in all the world did it find so happy a band of youths and maidens, as those that danced and sang beneath the black sails of this little vessel out upon the sparkling waters.

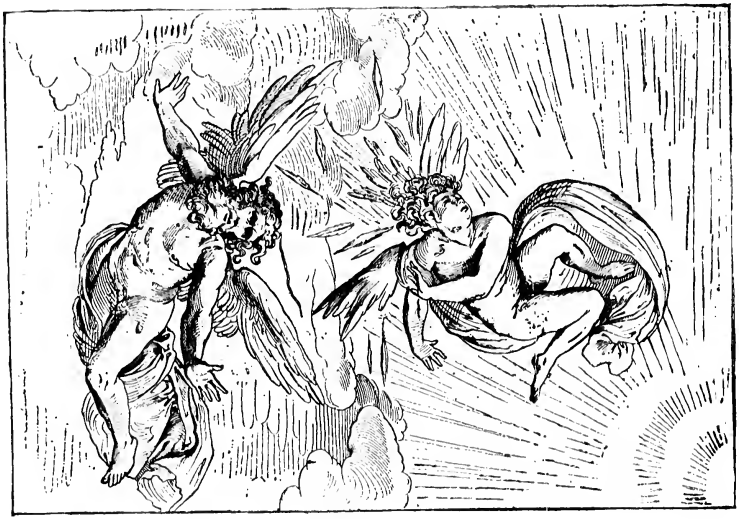
DÆDALUS.

The man who had made the labyrinth was ingenious in many another direction, as old King Minos learned to his sorrow.

Now, at the time Dædalus made the labyrinth with its marvellously tortuous paths, he and the king had been great friends; but the friendship of kings then, as later, is always an uncertain blessing; and so it came about that, in course of time, Dædalus found himself a prisoner in the tower, and another favorite established in his place.

The ingenuity of Dædalus came to his rescue, however, and soon he had invented an escape from the tower.

"Let him wander up and down the island



if he prefers," sneered King Minos; "but let it be understood by the people that, whoever shall shelter him or his son, Icarus, or give them food, loses his life.

"Moreover, set guards along the shore to intercept him if he attempts to swim away, or to build a boat, or in any way to escape from the kingdom."

"We will see," thought Dædalus. "I shall find a way." And before long he did find a way. One day a flock of birds flew across the skies. Dædalus watched them with longing eyes. "If only I could fly," he sighed. And then, "Why not?" was his next thought.

At once the prisoner set to work. "I can make wings," said he; and indeed, after long, long weeks of work, he did produce from the feathers of the birds of the island some wings.

These he fastened to himself and his little son, and away they flew over the heads of the guards, out across the waters.

On, on, past the islands of Samos and of Delos they flew; but Icarus, joyous in the new sport, began to ascend the sky. Up, up towards the Sun he flew, till, close upon it, the heat melted the wax with which the father had fastened the feathers together.

"Help me! help me, Father Dædalus!" he cried; but there was no help for him.

Down through the air he fell—the feathers falling about him and flying in every direction —and sank in the deep blue waters of the sea.

From this time on, Dædalus became a bitter-hearted man; and when, one time, he stood with his sister's son, Perdix, upon a high tower of rock, he pushed the child off,

meaning that he should be crushed upon the rocks below.

But Minerva, seeing the cruel deed, changed Perdix into a bird — a partridge — and so saved him from the cruel fate.

But Perdix never forgot his fall; and that is why the partridge never soars to great heights; but likes rather to build its nests in the low, safe coverts, where no harm can come to him.

ATALANTA'S RACE.

THE RACE OF ATALANTA.

Never was there a maiden so free and happy, so tall and straight and handsome. All her life had she dwelt in the forests and followed the chase, as brave and daring as any youth, and as unfailing with her arrows as Diana herself.

Many a youth loved her and longed to win her to grace his home; but the Oracle had

said, "Nay, nay, Atalanta; never marry; a terrible fate awaits you if you do."

And so, when the youths came to her, rather than that they should count her heartless, she would say, "There is but one condition upon which I can hear your prayer. First, you must race with me. Such is my fate. If you outrun me, then will I give up my free life and come to dwell with you. If you fail to outrun me, then you must surrender up your life; such is the decree of the gods."

And many a youth, so beautiful was she, had accepted her challenge; but, alas, brave lads though they were, none had succeeded in outrunning the fleet-footed Atalanta.

But one day a youth came to her, so tall, and brave, and beautiful that her heart was touched. "It is a shame," thought she, "that such a noble life as this should be wasted."

Still what could she do. Never would it be acceptable either to gods or men that she should make an exception.

"I know the risk I take," said Hippomenes; "but I am ready."

It was with a heart as sad as her free heart could be, that Atalanta prepared for this contest.

But in Hippomenes' heart there was only hope and courage. Already he had prayed to Venus, the goddess of love, and had offered rich sacrifices upon her alters.

"I will give you aid," the goddess had answered. "Take these three golden apples from the far-off gardens of the Hesperides; and as you run, drop them, one at a time, that Atalanta may be tempted to stop to gather them."

And so Atalanta and Hippomenes took their places before the king.

At a signal each bounded forward even like the wild forest deer.

On, on they sped, so light of foot, it was but as the sweeping by of a western wind.

The shouts of the people rent the air and cheered them on.

"Courage! Courage!" they cried.

"Haste! haste!"

"Don't lose your speed! Don't lose your speed!"

"On! on!"

"You gain! You gain! You gain on Atalanta!"

"She's won! she's won!"

"On, on, Atalanta! He gains! he gains!"

Thus did the shouts of the people mingle.

But Hippomenes' strength was failing.

"Now, now," said Venus, "throw the apple."

And out it rolled beneath Atalanta's flying feet. Its rich color shone in the light. It was beautiful. Who could resist so rare a prize? And Atalanta stooped to reach the apple.

"Hippomenes with one great effort leaped forward, and for one moment shot ahead. But soon again Atalanta was abreast of him.

"Again! Throw another," whispered Venus, who heard the heavy heaving of Hippomenes' breath.

"On! On!"

"Atalanta!"

"Hippomenes!"

"Atalanta!"

"Hippomenes!" shouted the crowd of people, wild with excitement.

"The third apple! Now! Quick!" whispered Venus; and out rolled the last of the three golden apples.

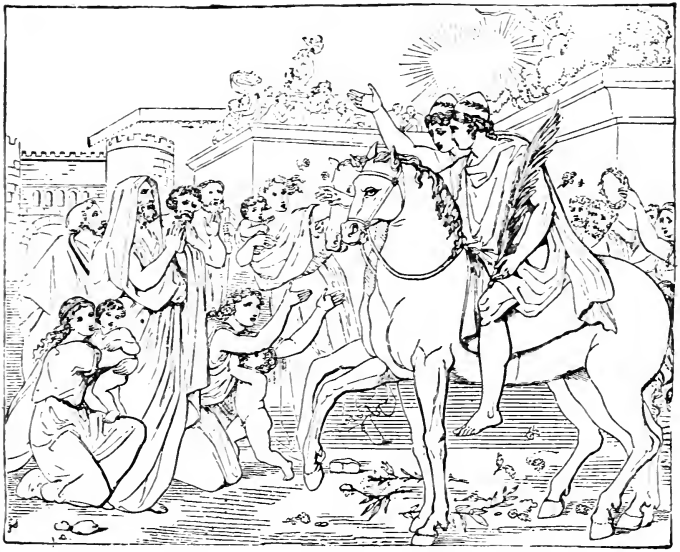
Again Atalanta stooped to gather the wonderful fruit. It was one second lost. On, on the racers flew; and with one last bound, one last summoning of strength, Hippomenes fell prostrate upon the goal — Atalanta one half leap behind.

How the people cheered! And the king himself, glad in his heart for the beautiful youth, arose and swung his sceptre and summoned the servants of the palace to prepare a feast in honor of the victor.

But alas for Atalanta! The Oracle will not be defied. And so it came about that, the ire of Venus being aroused because the happy youth and maiden forgot for a time their benefactor, she sent a heavy punishment upon them.

In the midst of their happiness, a terrible change began to creep over them; their beauty,

their grace, failed. Their tall, handsome forms sank lower and lower to the earth; their fair skins grew tough and hairy; and alas, they stood at last before each other transformed from human beings to wretched beasts, — brave, though, even now — and, as lion and lioness, they lived to drag, for many a year, the golden chariot of Cybele.



CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Castor and Pollux were two twin baby boys who sprang from a great white swan's egg.

They were very beautiful, with their golden hair and their sunny blue eyes, and as they grew through youth to manhood became

real heroes. Castor was famous the world over for his marvellous power of taming and training horses; and without Pollux no boxing match in all Greece was of any note.

It was wonderful how these twins loved each other. Never were they separated; never had one an interest into which the other did not enter, heart and soul.

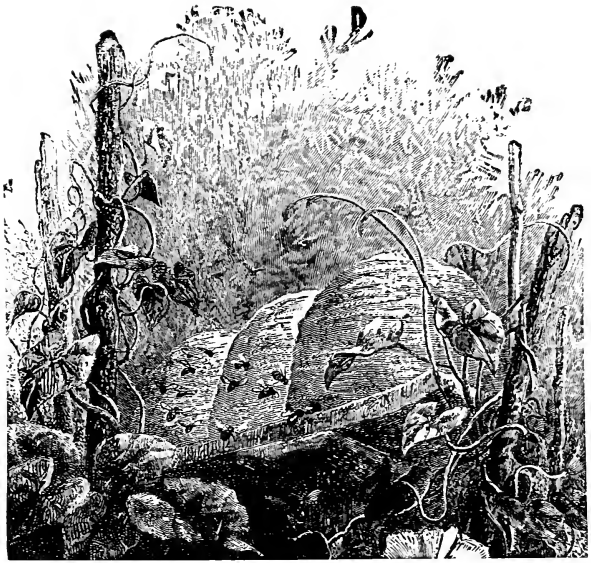
Many were the battles in which the two brothers, mounted on their pure white horses, fought and conquered; indeed, the time came, so successful were they, that in any battle where Castor and Pollux appeared, it was the signal for the foe to retreat; for, said they, "Of no use is it to fight against the warriors of the white horse."

But at last there came a battle in which one of the youths was slain. For twelve moons the brother wandered up and down the

earth, sad at heart, offering sacrifices to Jupiter, and praying ever that the great god would send him, too, to the land of shades, or restore his lost brother to him.

But Jupiter could not do that, even for these brothers whom he loved so well. But there was one thing he could do; he could make them both immortal and place them, as he had the Bears, in the sky.

Gladly the twins accepted this honor; and there to-day they are to be seen — a little above the brave Orion — shining and sparkling, as happy and contented together as ever two loving brothers could be, either on the earth below, or on the great Mount where the gods and goddesses dwell.



ARISTÆUS' BEES.

THE BEE KEEPER.

It was the shepherd Aristæus who, watching the bees at work gathering sweet honey from the flowers of field and hillside, said first, "Why may these bees not be taught to gather this honey in a hive, whereby, when great quantities shall be collected, man may eat of it; for it is sweet and wholesome, and suitable as food for man as well as bee?"

And so it came about that, after many weeks of patient study of their ways, Aristæus was able to draw great swarms of bees together in the hives he built; and from that time on, bee keeping became a favorite industry among the people of the valley.

None of them, however, had such

marvellous hives, such countless swarms, and such a wealth of yellow, shining honey as had the shepherd Aristæus.

Proud was Aristæus of his willing bees, and often, on great festal days, it was he who laid upon the altar of the gods great sheets of the sweet honey.

But one morning, as he rose from his soft bed of moss, he missed the hum and song of his bees. He listened. Not a sound was to be heard. He crept softly toward his hives. Not a bee was there, nor was one to be found in the valley round about.

All day long Aristæus wandered up and down the hillsides, searching in every tree and in every bush for the lost bees; but no trace of them could be found. And when the evening drew near, Aristæus went down to the waterside and cried to his mother, the sea

SEA NYMPH. (E. BURNE-JONES.)

nymph Cyrene, and said, "O mother Cyrene, hear the cry of thy sorrowing son. Lo! my bees are fled from me; nowhere on hillside or in valley are they to be found; nor is there honey in the hives to lay upon the altars."

Cyrene heard the voice of her child, and sent her sea nymphs to bring him to her. The waters, at her command, rose in a great billow; and then, falling back, made a path down into the depths of the ocean, that Aristæus might enter.

Down, down, through the dark waters, the youth passed, and came at last into the sparkling cave where his mother dwelt.

"O, my son," she said, "indeed I can give thee no aid; but far away from here dwelleth the old prophet, Proteus. To him are revealed all the wonders of the world. From him, if you are brave and daring, you may

learn what power has stolen your bees and why; and, if it be the will of the gods, how you may bring them back to you.

"But you must know this Proteus is a most terrible creature; none like him abide in the light of the world above.

"Neither will he help you, unless first you subdue him by force. Prayers and offerings avail nothing with him. I will take you to the cave, to which at noonday he will betake himself with his great flock of sea-cows, that together they may drink in the air, and warm themselves in the light and warmth of the sun.

"While he sleeps, you must bind him with strong chains. Awaking, he will hiss like serpents; he will bellow like the angry ocean; and he will change himself into the form of a beast with breath of fire; or to a poisonous, scaly dragon, with yellow mane.

"But in all this have no fear; hold fast to the chain, and when at last he knows you are a brave hero, and that you have no fear of him, he will tell you all that is to be known of your bees, and will guide you to their recovery."

All this came to be as Cyrene had told him; but had Aristæus not been as brave as Hercules himself, surely the terrible Proteus would have driven him back to his hillsides. But no fear came into the youth's heart, nor did his voice tremble when he cried, "No fear have I, O Proteus, of thy terrible forms; neither will I release thee!"

Then Proteus came back to his own natural form, and sat at the mouth of his cave looking at his daring captor. "Aristæus," he said, "you came to learn of the fate of your bees.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. (ROBERT REYSCHLAG.)

"Let me tell you, first of all, it is a punishment upon you; for it was in fleeing from you that the sweet Eurydice met her death. It was in fleeing from you that she stepped upon the serpent whose poison destroyed her young life; and it is in just revenge and punishment that this loss has come to you.

"There is but one way to appease the wrath of the gods, and that is by sacrifices to them, and by rendering funeral honors to Eurydice and to Orpheus as well; for it was for grief of Eurydice that Orpheus died.

"Go, therefore, and select four of the largest, strongest bulls; these, first tamed and overcome by your own prowess, lay upon four high altars.

"These, sacrifice to the gods and leave upon the smoking altars in the leafy grove.

"After nine days of humble fasting and sacrificing, go back to the leafy grove. If all these things you have done bravely and acceptably to the gods, there, swarming about the altars, you will find your bees again; nor will they refuse to return to their hives."

And when Aristæus had done all that Proteus had bid him do, behold, it was as the prophet had said; the bees were found upon the altars, and when the hives were brought, they arose in busy swarms and gathered together in their homes.

Then was Aristæus glad; and, raising his hands towards Olympus, he promised that the first wealth of yellow honey should be carried by him to the temple of Jupiter, and there be laid upon the altars, in testimony of joy and gratitude that his bees had been returned, and that the anger of the gods had been appeased.

ARION. (ALBERT MOORE.)

ARION, THE PRIZE-WINNER.

Arion was a famous musician; so famous indeed that he was sent for from all the countries round about to come and play before the kings and princes.

No festival at Corinth, where he dwelt with his good friend Periander, was complete unless Arion was there to make sweet music upon his lyre. Indeed, the gods themselves might well have envied him his skill, so delicately did he sweep the strings of the lyre, and so sweet were the sounds that were wafted out upon the air by his gentle touch. Apollo himself, and Hermes too, loved to listen; and whenever he played, the people said, "It is Orpheus come back again."

Now, there was to be a contest in Sicily among the musicians of every kingdom. Arion longed to go and try his skill; "and besides," said he, "how happy it would be to listen to the music of all these wonderful players who will gather before the king of Sicily!"

"Yes," said his good friend, King Periander; "it is as you say. Still, it is a long distance. It would take many a day to reach the island, and more than all that, think of the danger and risk of life. Our ships are frail; the storms on the sea are heavy, and never is the sailor sure how soon the waters may rise, the winds roar, and his soul be sent to the land of pale shades.

"Pray, stay here with me, and be content in my kingdom, where friends are on every side and no danger can approach."

Arion sighed, "O good friend, well do I know that all you say is true; still my soul longs for the change, and for the sight of other lands and other people. I will return; but first give me permission to leave this kingdom,—though I have dwelt so long and happily here—and let me wander up and down the earth as the music-loving heart within me urges me to do."

And Periander saw that Arion must have his way; of little use would it be, and of little comfort, to hold him when he longed to be away upon his wanderings. So, one day he called the youth to him and said, "Since it must be that you will go to Sicily and join in the contest for this prize, though already you have fame in many a land, take with you this purse of gold and this robe of purple. I should be sorrowful indeed to feel that Arion

journeyed through the country and across the seas without money, or that he appeared before the king of Sicily robed less richly than the youths who will contend with him for this great prize.

"Neither do I care, good friend, whether the prize is won by you or by some barbarian across the sea. To me there is no music like that of Arion, and whether a prize-winner or not, know that your welcome will be joyous when again you come to the court of Periander. Every day we shall miss our Arion; and every morning we shall look out across the seas, and listen for the sound of his sweet music, coming nearer and nearer over the waters."

"Good friend," said Arion, "I shall come back again, and gladly too; for what would be the joy, even of a great prize won, could not

my friend and king rejoice with me, and could I not bring it and lay it at his feet?"

And so the youth set forth upon his journey. Gaily the waters sparkled, and danced, and laughed up at him as the little boat sped across the sea; and safely was he landed upon the shores of the kingdom of Sicily. It was a beautiful island; the air was soft and sweet, and Arion's heart was filled with gladness.

"Surely I shall play as never I have played before," he said, "for my heart is bursting with joy."

And so Arion went before the king. Already many musicians sat about the great marble hall, and all awaited the opportunity to display their skill.

It was a wonderful gathering of beauty and talent and valor. Arion's heart beat

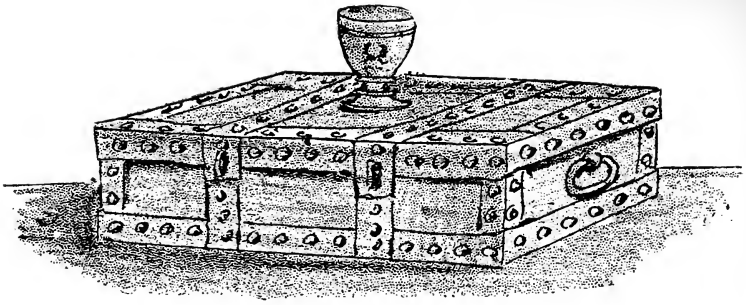
faster and faster; hardly could he wait until his turn should come to sweep the lyre and send its melody out upon the air.

One there was whose music rose like the rush of a mighty torrent; another played like the sweet babbling brook; another like the deep swell of the mighty ocean.

"Tho' I win no prize," said Arion to himself, "it is joy enough to have heard the music of this day;" and, closing his eyes from very joy, Arion touched the chords of his lyre. Softly, sweetly, the music rose; more and more tender, more and more delicate, now near, now far, until the people whispered, "It must be Hermes himself come to join this contest;" and not a sound was heard in all the court save the soft sighing of Arion's music. On, on he played, his eyes closed, his face shining like the face of a god.

"'Tis Hermes," said the king; and no doubt was there of the issue of the contest when the last strains of Arion's music died away.

And so Arion won the prize; and for twelve days and twelve nights the kingdom was joyous with banquet and feasting in honor of the hero.



ARION'S RETURN.

When Arion left the palace of the Sicilian king, there was a great gathering of the people; for the chest of gold and the silver cup — the prize Arion had won — were to be given him, and the king and his pageant were to accompany the hero to his ship.

Very grateful was Arion for the honors poured upon him; and glad was he when he thought how proud Periander would be when he saw his friend returning a victor in the contest.

It was at the close of day when the little vessel sailed away from the Sicilian shore. The waters were smooth, the sky clear, the wind gentle, and there seemed no danger either from sea or sky.

But alas, there were other dangers of which Arion did not dream; for hardly was the ship well out at sea, and Arion lay sleeping, happily dreaming of his friend and the joy there would be at his home-coming, when the sailors, greedy of the gold they knew lay in the chest beside Arion's bed, began to plan and scheme together.

"We must have that gold," said one.

"But how shall we get it?" asked another.

"We must first slay Arion," said the first.

"But Periander — what shall we say to him when he asks us where Arion is?"

"We will say he remains still in the court of the Sicilian king."

Then the seamen went to Arion's bedside, and shaking him roughly, said, "Up, Arion, up; for your hour of departure to the land of pale shade has come. The waters invite you; even now the waves rise to meet you."

"But why?" asked Arion.

"We would have your gold," answered the sailors; and even then they had begun to break open the heavy chest.

"Take the gold; yes, the gold and the silver cup if you will," pleaded Arion; "but leave me free; spare me my life, and allow me to go to my friend, Periander."

"That is it," laughed the sailors; "it is because Periander is your friend that we dare not spare your life. Think you that we dare allow you to go to him and tell him of your lost treasure?"

"But I promise not to tell him," said Arion.

"We cannot risk our lives," laughed the sailors. "Prepare at once for the sea; let there be no delay."

Then Arion, sad at heart, knowing how useless were words or entreaties, dressed himself in his robe of purple and gold. He was indeed fair to look upon; the purple tunic fell from his shoulders as from the shoulders of a king. The jewels upon his arms sparkled in the pale moonlight.

Taking his lyre in his hand, he raised his eyes towards heaven and played one last sad song. Even the sailor's hearts were touched. The waves stood still, and the fishes gathered round the vessel to catch the sounds. Arion's voice rose, soft and sad. "Ye heroes of Elysium, who have already passed the black

waters, soon shall I join your band. Yet ye cannot relieve my sorrows. Alas! I leave my friend behind. O thou who didst seek thy Eurydice in this land of shade, hear me! I too must come. Ye Nereids, receive Arion who comes now to thee."

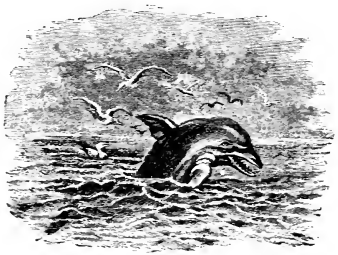
So saying, Arion sprang into the sea; the waters closed over him; the ship moved on; and the sailors sat down to divide their gold. "It is ours," they said, "nor have we any fear now of Arion."

But they did not know.

"Arion," said a voice, as the hero sank beneath the waters, "fear not. You shall not die; for I have listened to your song and long to bring aid to you in this sad hour."

Arion looked; and there beside him, sinking, sinking slowly beneath the waters, even as he himself was sinking, swam a dolphin.

"Get upon my back, brave youth," said the dolphin "tell me where you would go, and gladly will I bear you to the home from which the cruel sailors have cut you off."



A DOLPHIN.

"O good friend," said Arion, leaping upon the dolphin's back, "how can I repay you?"

"Speak not of reward," answered the dolphin; "proud am I of such a burden." And away through the water he sped. All night, all day, all another night he sped; and when again the sun rose, the shores of the kingdom of Periander were reached, and Arion once more stood upon the friendly sands.

"Farewell, O kind and friendly dolphin!" he said. "Would that you could come with me to the court of the king and there receive

GALATEA (RAPHAEL.)

the thanks of Periander. But it cannot be; companionship there cannot be for us, and I must say farewell. May Galatea, the queen of the deep, accord to you her favor, that you,

proud of your burden, may draw her chariot over the smooth waters."

Then Arion hastened to the palace of the king. "O my friend," he cried, "I have come back to you; nor did I fail to win the prize offered by the Sicilian king."

Then Arion told his story:—he told of the days of feasting at the Sicilian court, of the plot of the wicked sailors, and of his wonderful rescue from death.

"I will be upon the shore and await the coming of the ship that bears these cruel sailors. As they land I will greet them as becomes a king, and they shall tell their story."

Soon the ship arrived.

"O sailors," asked Periander, "have you not brought Arion back to the city that awaits his coming and to the king that loves him?"

"Alas," said the sailors, "it is sad; but so

happy was he in the court of the Sicilian king, who showered upon him every honor, that he bade us tell our king that it was his wish to remain in the island of Sicily another year; nor could we persuade him to return with us."

"A fair story," said the king sternly. "Come now with me to my palace, and tell me of this wonderful island which has so captured my friend Arion."

And the sailors, unsuspecting, followed the king.

"Enter," said he as they reached the gateway. The sailors entered. At once, at a signal from the king, the sailors were seized and put in irons. Arion came and stood before them. The wicked men trembled with fear. They fell upon their knees and begged for mercy.

"Such mercy as you showed Arion, that

do I show you," said the king, and the sailors were hurried away from the city, out, out across the country, into the borders of a barbaric country.

"Begone, now," said the soldiers of the king, who had driven them hither. "Begone, and let no light from Periander's kingdom shine again upon your wretched faces. Flee into the forests; and may the barbaric foe that dwells beside these forests hunt your lives, even as they hunt the wild beasts that you shall hide among."

ARETHUSA CHANGED INTO A FOUNTAIN (CH. CRAUK.)

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

"O Artemis! Artemis!" cried Alpheus, "O beautiful huntress-queen! but one boon do I ask of thee, or of the gods above in Mt. Olympus. Neither do I ask of thee great wealth or power or fame. Only this I ask: that I may wander, free from care, forever up and down these beautiful valleys amid the tree-clad hills, and dwell forever among the flowers and grasses that make the valley ever fresh and sweet."

"But your wife and child at home?"—said Artemis.

"They shall be cared for—that I promise," Alpheus answered; "but for me, let me

ARTEMIS (CORREGGIO.)

wander here; there is no other life so free, so sweet."

"It shall be as you wish," said Artemis; and, raising her bow, she caused a vision to rise from out the hillside — a vision of a maiden pure and beautiful, with hair like the golden light, and a robe that shone like shimmering mist beneath the sun.

And the maiden, singing cheerily, joyous as a bird, came tripping down the valley to where the huntress stood.

"It is Arethusa," said the queen, and Alpheus turned to see. In the beautiful maiden's hands were flowers of choicest color, and on her head a chaplet of delicate leaves and buds.

As Alpheus looked upon the vision of beauty, a strange spell fell upon him; he forgot the valley and the hillsides; he forgot

the huntress queen; the song of the birds grew fainter and fainter; he saw not the nodding flowers at his feet, nor yet the deep blue sky above his head. Blind was he to all the world, save only the sweet, pure vision of Arethusa that stood before him in the valley.

"O thou most beautiful Arethusa!" he cried, raising his arms towards her.

With a cry, Arethusa turned and fled. "Flee not from me, O vision fair!" he cried; but Arethusa flew like the wind down the valley.

"Hear me! hear me!" cried Alpheus, following in hot pursuit. "I will not hurt thee, nor take thy freedom from thee. Hear me, only hear me, for alas, I cannot live without thee!"

On, on the maiden flew, down the valley,

across the fields, up the hillsides; and, at last, with one sad cry to the gods for help, she sprang from the rocky cliff, whose high walls cast its dark shadow across the valley, and floated down a glistening, sparkling fall of water into the valley below.

Then Alpheus wept, and threw himself upon his face in bitter, piteous grief. "O Arethusa! Arethusa!" he cried; but there came no answer save the plashing of the fountain.

Then Alpheus rose, sad at heart, and turned to go away; but lo, a change had fallen, too, upon him; for no longer was he a huntsman, forgetting home and duty, but a river — a long, winding river, with the sea before him, and doomed henceforth to wander for all time in the valley he had loved so well.

For thus had Artemis the huntress-queen answered the prayer of Alpheus.

THETIS BEARING ARMOR OF ACHILLES (FRANCOIS GERARD.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

On the top of Mt. Pelion there was a great cave — so deep that no man had ever journeyed into the darkness of the mountain to find its inner chambers, where, on great occasions, the gods held high carnival.

Beautiful indeed was this cave within. Its walls sparkled with crystals of Iris' colors, and the great hall floor shone like glass.

Together, one evening when the days were short and the Sun-god had early driven his chariot beyond the cloud-land of the west, the gods met in the wondrous cave. It was the wedding feast of King Peleus and the goddess, Thetis, who rose each morning from the sea.

Never was there a bride more beautiful.

Her soft green robe was woven by the Naiads in their grottos beneath the sea. Her chaplet of pearls was a gift of Neptune, and, as she walked, the sandals upon her snowy feet shone like the sunlight on the waves.

Now Peleus had been banished from his own country, and for many a weary day had wandered, sad and lonely, up and down the valley by the sea.

One morning there came a voice to him from among the trees. It was a soft voice, and it spoke to him in kindness; "O Peleus, the gods have looked with pity upon your weary exile; and to your prayers great Jupiter has listened. He sends to you now, to bring you joy, the beautiful sea-nymph, Thetis, who rises like the gentle morning mist from out the waters. Behold, already she is beside you!"

Peleus looked; but nowhere did he see the maiden whom Jupiter had sent to be his bride.

Then Peleus' heart grew sad again, and he bowed his head in grief.

"But I am here," said a soft voice again by his side. "It is I — Thetis — the sea nymph."

"But I see only the slow-rising mist that floats above the waters," said Peleus sadly.

"But I am in the mist," said the voice again. "Care you not for the gifts of the gods? Will you not search for me?"

"My life would I give for this sweet gift of the gods," said Peleus, fervently, "but where may I search for thee?"

"In the mist! in the mist!" whispered the trees; and Peleus hastened close to the

water's brink. "Thetis, Thetis," he cried, "do not hide from me. Thetis! Thetis!"

Then the mist came closer; it rolled across the waters; it lifted itself from the fields, and stood at last a shining pillar of white light upon the hill top.

"Never, never will I permit thee to escape from me," said Peleus. Across the fields, up the hillside he hurried, calling upon the gods to give him strength and speed; and when he reached the hill top, there Thetis stood, the beautiful water maiden, in her soft robe of trailing green.

And so it came about that there was great rejoicing among the gods, and the great cave was ablaze with light; for in the banquet hall a feast was spread, and all the gods and goddesses were there to celebrate the wedding of the beautiful Thetis and the brave Peleus.

The vaulted roof of the cave was studded with precious stones; and the shining floor reflected back the thousand flaming torches that the sea-nymphs bore.

Peleus, clad in shining armor, the gift of Jupiter, shone with a glory that rivalled the Iris-colored walls; and Thetis, never so beautiful, stood like a shining moonlight cloud, amid the ten thousand happy guests.

Wonderful were the gifts to Peleus. There were the deathless horses which Neptune brought, and a handsome chariot of finely wrought gold; for such were the gifts suited to the hero who should win the heart of the lovely Thetis.

First at the banquet table sat great Jupiter, and beside him the haughty Juno and the smiling Venus. The fleet-footed Mercury was there; and Hebe who brought

HEBE, THE CUP-BEARER (MME. SALLES-WAGNER.)

the golden cup; the Muses made soft music. Iris spread an arch of color above the wide-spread table; the sea-nymphs danced; and Apollo played upon his magic lyre.

APOLLO AND THE MUSES (GIULIO ROMANO.)

Never was there feast more joyous, never wedding more auspicious. But alas! one goddess there was who stood in the darkness outside and muttered evil threats, and plotted to bring sorrow and disturbance upon the gods who had not bidden her to the feast.

It was while Apollo sang his softest music, and the company sat hushed in happy

silence, that Iris, taking upon herself a form invisible, crept into the banquet hall and threw into the midst of the gods assembled a golden apple.

Large and golden was the apple, and upon it was written the words:

FOR THE FAIREST.

"Whence came this?" asked Jupiter, when Mercury laid it at his feet.

"We know not," said Mercury; "it fell just now as from out the roof of the cave. Surely it is a gift for the beautiful" — but there Mercury stopped. "For the Fairest!" Surely it was not for Mercury to say which of the beautiful goddesses was most fair.

Even Jupiter looked from one to another, speaking not a word. What had at first seemed so simple became now a puzzle indeed, even to the all-wise Jupiter.

"For the Fairest!" and Jupiter looked toward Juno. "For the Fairest!" and he looked toward Venus, and Minerva. Would not some one claim it, and so relieve him of the task of choosing?

"Why delay?" spoke out Juno, her handsome face flushing angrily. "Is it so difficult to know that the apple is intended for me, the queen?"

"Of what moment is it to be queen," cried Minerva, "if one has not with it the grace of mind and gentleness of heart that makes one queenly? The apple is intended for me; for it is I who have the true beauty that perishes never."

"Nonsense, both!" cried Venus. "With me dwells joy. In me all mankind rejoices. To be happy, that is best. That is the true beauty. The apple should be mine."

"Truly, it is an apple of discord," and Jupiter sighed.

"It is mine!" said Juno, haughtily.

"Mine!" flashed Venus.

"It is mine alone," said Minerva, with a dignity that awed the gods and goddesses to silence.

But soon the strife broke forth again. Not one, from the highest to the least among the nymphs, but arrayed herself upon the side of one or another of the beautiful goddesses who claimed the apple of discord for herself. The music of Apollo was hushed; the Muses fled in grief, and the sea-nymphs, frightened, crept back to their peaceful grottos beneath the sea; and in place of the joy that had been, now all was bitter wrangling.

Already the chariot of the Sun-god had appeared in the eastern sky, when Jupiter,

JUNO (NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

PARIS (VATICAN, ROME.)

rising, said: "Let now all discord cease. It is not for one of us to say which goddess is most beautiful. Let us leave the decision to some mortal who dwells upon the earth below. Even now, I see far across the sea, a youth who tends his sheep upon the hillside. He rises now from sleep, and stands beneath the grateful shade of the sacred tree. Flee, swift-footed Hermes, flee to the hillside where the youth Paris guards his flocks. Tell him of the gift for the fairest, and by his decision will we abide."

Then Mercury, obedient, led the three goddesses across the sea and up the hillside where Paris watched his flock — an innocent, happy youth, not dreaming of the greatness so soon to be his.

"Hard, indeed, is it to choose," said Paris, when the three goddesses stood before him;

"but if choose I must, then would I give the apple to thee, O Venus."

"Wise youth," said Venus; and as a

SLEEPING VENUS (TITIAN.)

reward for your wisdom, you shall have that which shall make you the envied of all the world; for the most beautiful woman dwelling upon the earth shall be your wife; and with

her you shall dwell, prince and princess, in a great and glorious city."

"I thank you, kind Venus," said Paris; "but I have already a wife, Eone, who is to me the most beautiful in all the earth."

Venus made no answer; for she knew full well that whatever the gods promise, that thing must happen; and the three goddesses rose high in the air and sped away towards Mt. Olympus; and Paris, although he did not know it yet, was a changed man; for all the future that was to have been was swept away, and a new future now beckoned him onward.

. . . . .

It happened that on the next day Priam, king of Troy, sat musing. "Once," said he to himself, "I had a little son whose beauty was like that of a god. But the Oracle prophesied that one day he would bring destruction upon

this kingdom, and that, through him, this people would fall into the power of a foreign people."

"Alas, alas, my child! what cruel fate set this decree upon your luckless life; and what was there left for me to do but, for the safety of my people, to send you from the kingdom and command that you be slain! Alas, my brave son, beautiful and strong, even as a god is beautiful and strong!"

And the old king sat for hours, looking out across the city, within whose walls peace had reigned for many a year.

"But thou art not forgotten, pale shade of Trojan Prince," the old king said, rising, "and on the very morrow shall a great feast be made, and there shall be music and games — all in honor of the Trojan Prince whose life was sacrificed for the safety of his people!"

Then the king called his trusty servants to him, and bade them go out into the fields and up the hillsides, where they would find the strongest, sleekest cattle. "From the

THE SACRIFICE (FLAXMAN.)

flock," said he, "bring to me the bull fittest for sacrifice; and to-morrow shall be a festal day in honor of the Prince now gone years since to the pale land of shades."

Now, there was one amongst the oldest servants who sighed a deep sigh. To him

had been entrusted the slaying of the baby prince; and well did he remember the great terror that came upon him when he threw the child into the fire and it burned not, and when he left him upon the cold hillside and he suffered not.

"It was not the will of the gods," the old servant now whispered to himself, "that the child should die; and it is a secret with them and me that even now he dwells amid his flocks upon the hillsides without the city; and a brave youth he is — my young Paris the herdsman! And well worthy is he to be the king of Troy when at last old King Priam passes from the light of day."

Now it was from the herd of Paris that the bull was chosen for the sacrifice; and so angry was Paris that his herds should be disturbed, that he declared that he himself

would drive it into the city and that, moreover, he would contend for the prizes side by side with the youths of the city.

The morning dawned bright and clear; and before the sun had spanned the arch of heaven by one half its course, the games were at their height. Brave indeed were the Trojan youths, and bravest of them all was Hector, the son of old King Priam; but with the strong, young shepherd lad none could contend. Prize after prize was laid at his feet, until Hector, angry, took his place before the youth and bade him withdraw from the games.

"I will not!" thundered Paris; and had Hector been less a hero, he would have quailed before the ringing voice of the daring youth.

"Look! look!" cried Priam's queen. "Mark the two youths! How like they are!

The same fair hair; the same clear eyes! Priam, Priam, I could believe it is our son, our Prince, lost so many years ago to us!"

CASSANDRA (D. G. ROSSETTI.)

"O blinded king! O blinded king!" cried Cassandra, the prophetess. "See you not that this is your own son — the son who so long

ago you sent forth to die upon the woody hills of Ida? Do you not know that the gods slay not those whom they would have live, and that it is the same child that stands now before you, a victorious hero on his own first festal day?"

And so it came about that Paris was taken to the palace of the king and given a place of honor beside his father at the long table of the banquet hall. All the people rendered honor unto him, and he was henceforth known in all the kingdoms round about as Paris, the long lost son of Priam — Paris, the Prince of Troy.

For many happy months Paris dwelt in the palace of the king, rejoicing in his new-found home and friends; and almost had the cruel prophesy been forgotten, so happy were the king and queen in their two brave and handsome sons, Hector and Paris.

But, alas, the gods forget not their decrees; and one day there came to Troy a hero from the shores of Greece. Most valiant service had the Grecian Menelaus rendered Troy, and such friendship sprang up between him and Paris, that, when the Grecian returned to his home, he took the youth with him; nor was there any honor that was not showered upon him, the fair-haired Prince of Troy.

But now had come the time for the fulfilment of the prophesy. No sooner had Paris reached the kingdom of Menelaus than, forgetting honor, gratitude, all, he stole the beautiful Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and fled with her across the seas — for Helen was the most beautiful woman in all the world.

And so it came about that through Paris, Troy fell, and the Trojans of the city lost their

ABDUCTION OF HELEN (RUDOLPH VON DEUTSCH.)

liberty and their glory, as a people. For when Menelaus knew the misfortune that had fallen

HECTOR GOING TO BATTLE (A. MAIGNAN.)

upon him, he raised a great army and marched against the city of Troy, whither Paris had fled with Helen, the beautiful queen of the Grecians.

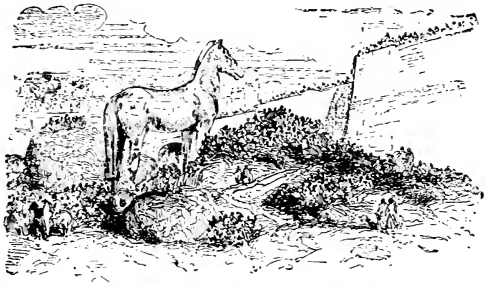
For long, long years the army besieged the city; thousands upon thousands of the bravest Trojans and the bravest Grecians fell in battle; still there seemed no hope of victory to either side.

With both armies the gods, too, fought — some with the Trojans, some with the Greeks, and bitter was the contest between the foes.

But at last the Greeks, resorting to strategy, built a wonderful wooden horse, so large that hundreds of Greeks could easily conceal themselves within it, and this they left before the gates of Troy, withdrawing the armies to a distant shelter, that the Trojans might believe that, despairing of success, they had set forth for their distant homes, defeated.

Great was the rejoicing of the Trojans when, looking out from the watch towers one morning, they found the plain outside the city

clear, and no foe in sight as far as eye could reach. "But what is this?" they said, as they saw the great wooden horse outside their gates.

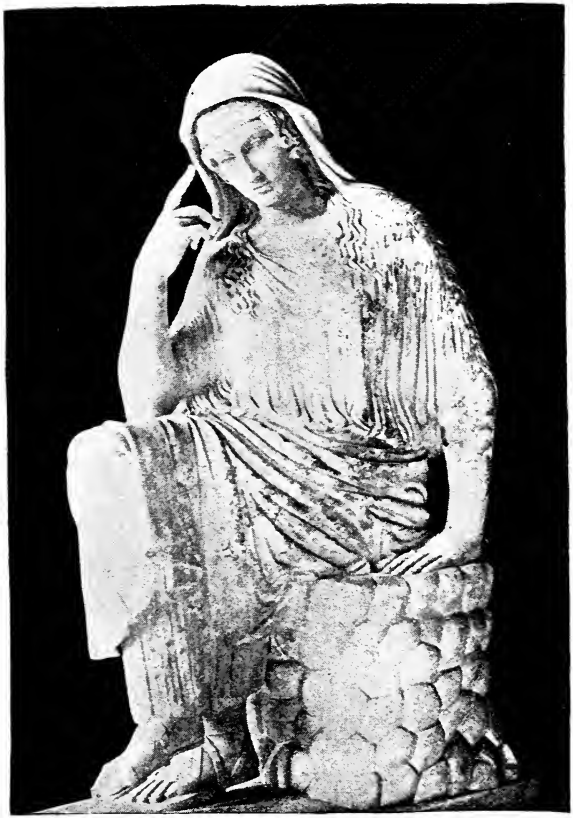


"It is an offering to the gods," said one. "Let us drag it into the city and place it where stood the Palladium, which the Greeks stole from us and so ruthlessly destroyed!"

And so it was the Trojans fell into the trap the Greeks had set for them; and when the wooden image had been placed in the great square, and night had settled upon the city, the Greeks sprang forth from their hiding

place, rushed to the gates, threw them open, signalled to the army waiting outside, and before the Trojans knew the fate that had fallen upon them, the streets were filled with Greeks. With flaming torches they thronged the streets and set on fire the homes and public buildings; the temple they razed to the ground; the altars were desecrated; the city walls were thrown down, and the people driven captive from the city that had been so long their home.

Such was the end of the Trojan power; such was the fate brought upon the people by the perfidy of Paris, the fair-haired Prince of Troy, of whom it was prophesied at birth, "This child shall prove the destruction of the Trojan empire."



STATUE OF PENELOPE (VATICAN, ROME.)

ULYSSES' RETURN TO GREECE.

Now, among the brave Greek generals who had fought with such skill and patience, who had been among the first to urge his countrymen on to avenge the wrong to Menelaus, who never for a day wavered in his purpose to rescue the beautiful Helen and so save the reputation of his country for courage and success in war, was Ulysses, the friend of Menelaus.

Never a battle but Ulysses was in the foremost ranks and in the thickest of the fight; never a success that Ulysses was not among the bravest of the victors; and never a defeat that Ulysses was not still the ready support of the defeated, the daring, defiant,

never-failing man of courage, spurring his companions on to fresh endeavor, and to fiercer battle. For such was the hero of these early times when Greece and Troy fought together.

Now this brave Ulysses had been watched over and protected during this long siege by more than one of the powerful gods that dwelt on Mt. Olympus; still, there were other gods who, hating the Greek leaders and being determined that Troy should conquer in the great warfare, fought against Ulysses and pursued him with disaster, even on his homeward voyage.

"Now that the war is finished and Troy is overthrown," said Ulysses, "my heart turns towards home. There did I leave my faithful Penelope and my brave son, a child only, but now a tall youth, noble and brave I know,

MINERVA (CAPITOL, ROME).

trained as he has been by so noble a mother."

Then certain ones among the gods counciled together. "He shall endure great suffering; he shall be wrecked; enemies shall rise up on every side, and for long, long years shall he be tossed upon the wave."

"But at last, in spite of all your threats," rang out the clear voice of Minerva, "he shall reach his home, and shall find awaiting him the noble Penelope and the brave youth."

And so it was, Ulysses set forth upon the sea. The sails were set, the oarsmen were at their places, and with joyous hearts, Ulysses turned the vessels towards his home, happy and hopeful, not knowing the fate that lay before him.

But hardly had the sun journeyed once across the sky, before Neptune, the sea-god, sent upon the little ships a terrible storm.

The winds blew, the waves rose high, and the little fleet, driven hither and thither, drifted upon the shores of the island of the Lotus eaters.

Three men Ulysses sent inland to learn what manner of people these Lotus eaters might be. Day after day passed by, but the three men never returned. At last, no longer willing to endure the waiting, Ulysses and his men made their way into the island to learn what terrible fate might have overtaken their companions.

Sadly and with hearts heavy, they made their way in from the rocky shore; but upon the sunny, flowery banks of the sparkling river there the three men lay, eating of the fruit of the lotus tree.

"O come and eat," said they; "then let us remain forever in this land of ease and plenty."

"But your homes!" said Ulysses, surprised at the change that had come to his three most valiant men.

"Do not trouble us," they answered dreamily; "we are content. Eat of the lotus fruit; then you, too, shall be content."

But Ulysses saw that a spell was upon them, and, summoning his crew, he bade them seize the three spell-bound men and drag them to their vessel. And not until they were placed upon the benches and the oars again were within their grasp, did the spell lift itself from them, and give them power again to strive bravely in the struggle to reach their homes.

"Let us row away from this spell-bound island," cried Ulysses, "with speed. Surely greater danger is here upon us than that of war."

On, on the vessel sped. "Now we shall have fair sailing," said the crew; but old Neptune, hearing these vain words, lashed the waters round about him and roared with glee; for slowly, surely, as the night wore on, the vessel was drifting, drifting close upon the rocky shores of the island where Polyphemus tended his flocks, and watched with his one great eye for ships that came too near his shores.

NEPTUNE.

THE BLINDING OF POLYPHEMUS (FROM A GREEK VASE DRAWING.)

POLYPHEMUS.

When the sun rose beyond the waters far away to the east, Ulysses saw before him a great black cave. Great trees stood before it, and over it clustered heavy vines.

Near by, large flocks of sheep lay sleeping on the hillsides.

"These are goodly sheep," said the crew. "Let us rest here and feast ourselves."

But as they looked, behold, the whole dark forest raised itself black against the sky; — or at least, so it seemed — and, terrified, the crew stood trembling upon the shore, daring neither to advance nor to turn and flee to the ship.

Then a great roar filled the air; the forest shook itself, and there above them, glaring down upon them with his one great horrid eye, stood the giant Polyphemus.

But he saw them not, and when he had turned away, Ulysses and his adventure-loving crew made their way to the great cave where Polyphemus dwelt, and where at night he stabled his numerous flocks.

Into the cave the men made their way, and finding food and wine, they seated themselves for a generous feast.

Suddenly darkness fell upon the cave;

for at the entrance stood the giant Polyphemus, and before him into the cave came the vast flocks.

"Let us hide," said Ulysses; and glad indeed were all the crew to conceal themselves in niches in the rock.

For a long time, Polyphemus perceived not the terror-stricken men; but as the fire flashed higher, lighting up the gloomy walls of the dismal cave, the hiding places were revealed.

"You sea-robbers! You thieves!" thundered Polyphemus, "how dare you steal into my home unasked!"

"We are no sea-robbers, neither are we thieves," answered Ulysses boldly. "We are Greeks, returning from the Trojan war, and driven by the unfriendly tide upon your shores."

But little cared Polyphemus for tales of

heroes or of disaster either upon land or sea; and, seizing two of the companions of Ulysses, he swallowed them, while his roar of satisfied greed echoed through the cave and shook it to its foundations.

Then the giant rolled a great stone up at the door of the cave that neither sheep nor men might escape, and stretched himself out upon the floor to sleep; nor did he wake until the sun was high in the heavens.

Then seizing two more of the unfortunate men, he swallowed them, drove forth his flocks, rolled up the great stone before the door, and went forth to tend his sheep in the pasture.

Sad at heart were Ulysses and his men as the long day wore on. At nightfall the giant returned, ate two more men, and again lay down to sleep.

But Ulysses had already planned revenge

upon the cruel giant; and when again his heavy slumber shook the cave, the men crept forth from their hiding-places, thrust a sharp iron into the one eye the Cyclop had, and even

ULYSSES CLINGING TO POLYPHEMUS' SHEEP (GREEK VASE PICTURE.)

while he roared with pain, hid themselves among the sheep.

Wild with anger the huge creature roared and raged, and stretched his great arms in all directions to seize upon his foe; but they were

safe among the sheep; and when Polyphemus burst open the great cave door and roared out across the sea, the men, clinging to the long wool, and hidden from the touch of Polyphemus, were dragged forth by the frightened sheep as they rushed forth from the cave.

Never was there so narrow an escape from cruel death, not even in the fiercest of the Trojan battles; and, weak with fright, daring not even yet to speak, the men staggered down to the shore, swam out to their ship, seized the oars in their trembling hands and made their way out into the sea, forgetting not to offer sacrifices and prayers of gratitude to the gods that they had been spared so terrible a death.

For days the little ship sailed bravely on; the sky was fair, the winds favorable, and old Neptune seemed to have forgotten his cruel designs upon Ulysses and his weary crew.

ÆOLUS (CATHEDRAL, SIENA.)

ÆOLUS, THE WIND-KEEPER.

But by and by there rose before them from out the sea, a great island of rock; and around its crest was a great wall of shining brass.

"Who dwells within these walls?" shouted Ulysses, coming nearer.

And a voice answered, "I, Æolus, the Keeper of the Winds, dwell here; and with me are my six strong sons and my six strong daughters. Bring thy vessel close upon my shores, and come and dwell with me; for welcome are all strangers in my island."

Very glad were Ulysses and his men, and straightway the vessel was driven ashore.

For four long weeks the men rested in

the island, feasted by King Æolus. But at the end of the fourth week, Ulysses bade farewell to their most kind host, and again the little crew set forth upon the sea.

Many were the gifts and rare, with which King Æolus loaded the little vessel; but strangest of them all was the gift of a bag of winds. For Æolus was, as he had said, the keeper of the winds, and without his permission no wind could blow.

Knowing, then, that his guests, whom he had come to love full well, longed for clear weather and fair sailing, Æolus had fastened into a great bag, tied with strong silver cords, all but the soft west wind; and it was this bag he had given into the keeping of Ulysses, saying, "Guard well this bag; for in it have I imprisoned the adverse winds, so that only the west wind shall be abroad; for

it is that wind that shall guide you gently towards your home, the sunny land of Ithaca."

Gladly did Ulysses prize this greatest of all gifts; and so true was the promise of Æolus, that, at the end of nine days only, the shores of their loved land lay full in sight.

"Now," sighed Ulysses, "our disasters are at an end. The rising of to-morrow's sun shall see our little vessel lying in the harbor from whence, so many long, long years ago, we sailed forth to carry war against the Trojans."

But alas for Ulysses' hopes! Not yet were the wishes of the god's fulfilled; not yet was the time come when the wanderer should rest within the peace and quiet of his home. And so it came about that jealousy and suspicion rose in the hearts of the companions of Ulysses.

"Who is Ulysses," they said, "that he should hold a secret in which we have no part? How are we to know what may lie concealed in the great bag with the silver string? Let us open it, since it is not his will to tell us, and learn for ourselves. Surely we have shared his perils, and whatever treasure he has concealed, that, too, we have a right to share."

And so, while Ulysses slept, the men crept towards the bag and unfastened the silver cord; when, lo! there rushed forth like hissing serpents the imprisoned winds.

They shrieked and howled among the sails; they lashed the water till it was white with foam; the great black clouds rose on every side, and there was upon the sea a storm so terrible that even the gods on Mt. Olympus trembled, and the little ships were scattered far and wide upon the stormy waters.

THE WINDS (MICHAEL ANGELO.)

Days passed; the storm abated, and Ulysses and his men, now penitent and heavy-hearted, found themselves upon a strange coast, where the cliffs rose black and tall, and the waters seethed around the treacherous rocks.

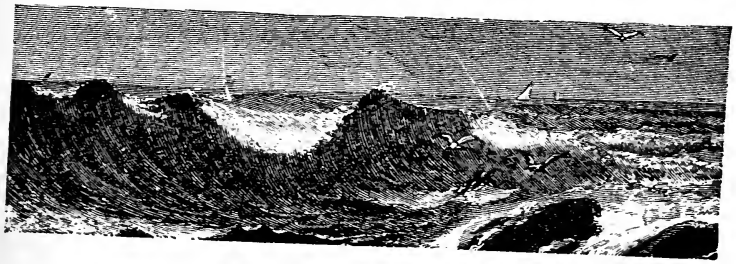
"Let us rest, even upon this inhospitable shore," said the men; but scarcely were the anchors dropped and the men on shore, when there rushed upon them a great giant, who seizing two of the men, swallowed them, and roared with glee to think how grand a feast he now should have.

But the men, seeing the dreadful fate of the two, fled from the shore and scrambled up the sides of the vessels.

After them in swift pursuit came the giants, hundreds upon hundreds of them; and tearing up great rocks and trees, they hurled

them at the vessels, crushing them like shells, and scattering the crew upon the sea.

Then, wading forth into the sea, they gathered up the struggling men and ate them in fierce delight. Only one vessel was saved from all the fleet; and with the few men who had escaped, Ulysses set forth again, sad at heart, upon the cruel sea.



CIRCE AND THE FRIENDS OF ULYSSES (BRITON RIVIERE.)

CIRCE'S PALACE.

For two days now the one lone vessel drifted; for so stricken with grief were the crew, and so sick with terror were they, that none had courage even to guide the vessel.

At last, another island rose out of the sea; and as they drew near they saw, rising beyond the trees, the friendly smoke, as from an altar or from the hearth of some home-loving people.

Drawing near, Ulysses, unable to trust his companions, disheartened as they were, himself set forth to find food for them in the unknown island.

It was a beautiful island, and game was plenty. Then when all had feasted and had

refreshed themselves, a little band of men set forth to explore, leaving behind Ulysses and fully half the crew.

The farther inland they went, the more beautiful did they find the island; and at last, rising out of the dense forest, the wonderful palace of Circe appeared before them.

In the distance they heard her wonderful voice, singing softly the strange, sweet song no mortal could imitate; the song which no mortal could resist.

Forward the men pressed, each eager first to reach the palace. The great gates flew open upon their golden hinges, and the beautiful Circe came forth to welcome them.

Gracious and most kind did she appear in the eyes of her guests. One only of them all was wise and wary. He, Eurylochus, remembering the dire disasters that had

already befallen his comrades in this unfortunate voyage, held back; and when the guests were led to the banquet hall, unnoticed he hid himself among the pillars of the portico.

Then he watched his comrades, and saw them, eager, take their places at the bountifully spread table.

"Eat," said Circe; and they fell upon the food like swine, so hungry were they from long fastings.

"Drink," said Circe; and the wine poured freely.

Then over Circe's face there came an evil glitter; and raising her sceptre she said, "Now, swine that you are, go! Go, every man of you, to the sty wherein such as you should dwell. Live there in the form of those gross animals like which you are!"

The heart of Eurylochus stood still with horror; for scarcely had the words been said, when every man, grovelling on the floor of the great hall, grunted and squealed, and snouted like the very brutes into which they were transformed; and away they sped to the great sty outside to dwell among others of their kind.

Then Eurylochus, speeding on the wings of the wind, fled back to the ship, and poured into the ears of Ulysses the tale of woe.

"Our comrades must be rescued," was the answer Ulysses made; and at once he set forth to the palace.

"Whither goest thou?" said a voice close by.

"It is you, O Hermes," said Ulysses; and well do you know whither I go and why."

"But you are powerless before the power of Circe," Hermes replied.

"That may be; still would I try to rescue my companions, even at the risk of my own life."

"The ever brave Ulysses!" said Hermes; "and I will help. Take this flower; eat it; then go fearless into the presence of the cruel Circe; for the flower has magic power."

Then Ulyssses did as he was bid, and entered most bravely the golden palace.

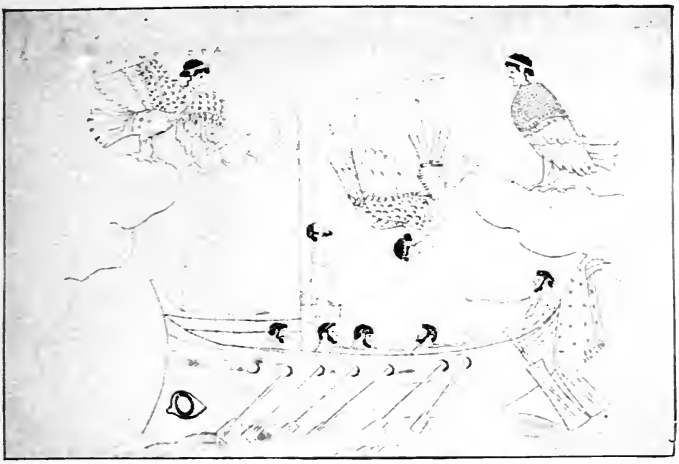
Like his comrades before him Ulysses ate and drank as Circe commanded him; but when, raising her glittering sceptre, she opened her lips to speak the fateful words, Ulysses raised his glittering sword, and looked defiance into the eyes of the witch goddess. Nor did any change come over him when her words were finished.

Then Circe, knowing that the man before her must be some hero, protected by the gods

by a spell more potent than her own, dropped her sceptre and fell, a suppliant, at the feet of her noble guest.

Then did Ulysses demand of her the freedom of his comrades, and the safe return of every one to the vessel awaiting them outside the rocky shores.

All this Circe fulfilled, and in due time again the little ship was making its way to Ithaca, the home so far away, and towards which the crew looked with sad hearts and weary eyes.

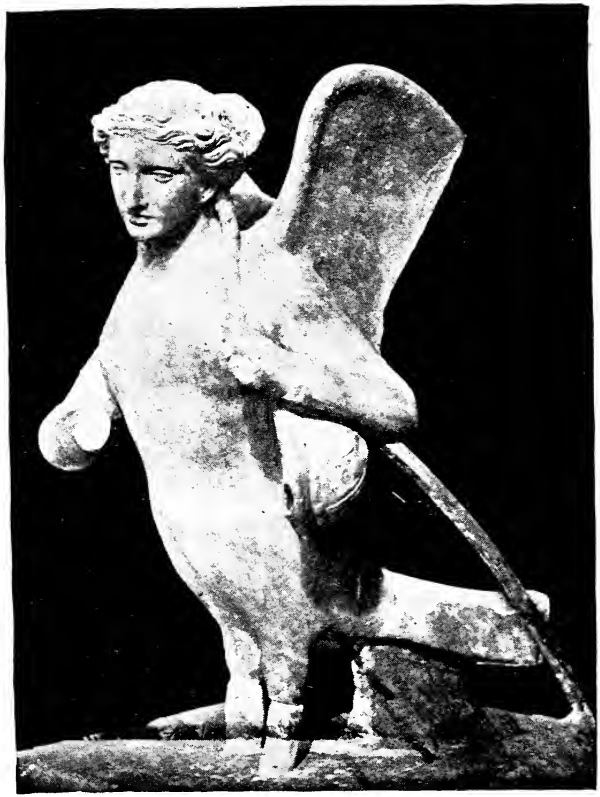


ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS (FROM A GREEK VASE.)

THE SIRENS.

Merrily over the waves the vessel glided for many a day; for Circe had promised a prosperous wind, and already hope had begun to rise in the hearts of the crew, and now and then the oars lay idle.

But one evening, when all was still, the quick ear of Ulysses caught the sound of distant music.



STATUE OF SIREN (MUSEUM, ATHENS.)

"Hark!" said Ulysses; and every oar was hushed. Softer, sweeter, came the music, nearer and yet nearer.

"We are nearing the flowery meadows of the Sirens," said Ulysses.

"This is charmed music, which no man can resist, let him try as he will.

We then must shut it out from our ears; for it must not be that we shall fall entranced by the Siren music, when our journey is already so near its end."

And speaking thus, Ulysses warmed and moulded a great mass of wax, and calling each man to him, stuffed his ears, that no sound might reach him as he passed the charmed meadows.

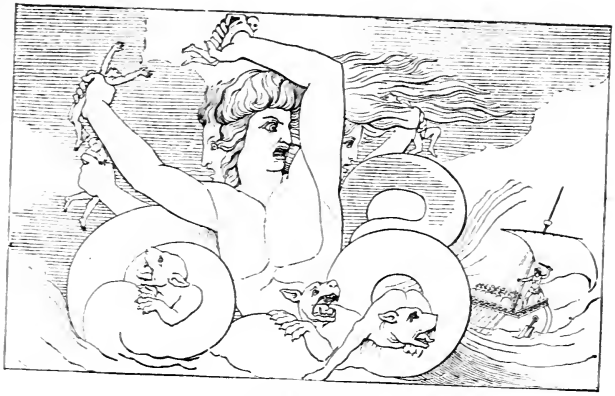
"As for myself," said Ulysses, "I would know what the music is like. So bind me, good comrades, to the mast. Bind me

strongly that there may be no chance of escape for me, though I struggle and beg you to release me as the charm enthralls me."

So Ulysses was bound, and the men, with ears sealed, took their places at the oars.

Nearer and nearer came the music. "More wisdom for thee, O wise Ulysses! Come, come, O come, Ulysses!" sang the Sirens; and Ulysses, charmed, strained and pulled at the ropes, and begged the men to loose him and to turn the vessel towards the shore.

But the men only bound him the closer, and plied the oars with greater force and speed; till at last quiet again came into the soul of Ulysses, and the oarsmen, seeing that the danger was past, unsealed their ears, and unbound their leader from the mast. So did they pass one danger without harm and without delay.



SCYLLA (FLAXMAN.)

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

But another danger lay in wait for the little crew; for it was decreed that none but Ulysses himself should ever reach again the shores of Ithaca.

Suddenly there rose a terrible sound of thunder and rumble and roar. The vessel rocked and rolled, and the foam and clouds of spray blinded the eyes of the oarsmen, so that they knew not which way to guide the ship.

The hearts of the oarsmen were cold with fear; and even Ulysses had little courage to urge the men onward into the waters that lay between Scylla and Charybdis.

But the men, desperate, plied the oars; and Ulysses, standing high upon the prow, sword in hand, watched with strained and eager eye, that he might catch the first glimpse of Scylla's terrible heads, and strike them ere she caught the shining of the blade of steel.

But Scylla pushed not forth her heads; and Ulysses, seeing the whirlpool into which the ship was drifting, cried "To the other side! To the other side! Closer to the higher rock!"

Then the vessel turned, the whirlpool was passed, and the vessel for one second lay beneath the terrible cave in which the monster Scylla dwelt.

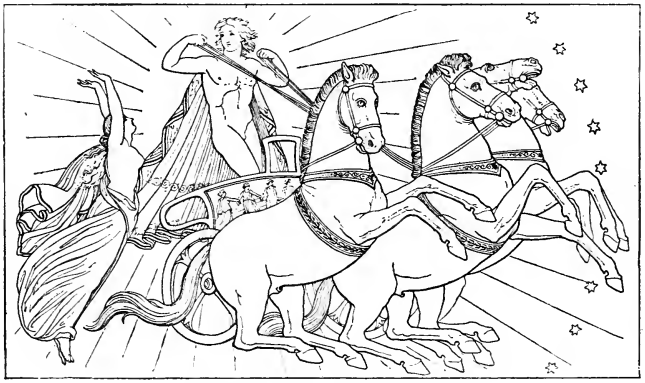
"Now, quick, quick! Row with all your might!" Ulysses cried; but, alas, no oarsmen could row with a speed that could escape the dreadful Scylla; and before even his sword could be raised, Ulysses saw six of his comrades seized by the six terrible arms, lifted from their benches, and drawn into the black cavern above.

"On! on!" Ulysses shouted; and straining every nerve, the oarsmen pushed the vessel through the strait, and soon heard as from afar the roar and rush of the waters, mingled with the bellowing of Charybdis and the screams of Scylla, angry both, that even one of the crew should have escaped their power.

Cold, and hungry, and weary, the crew now demanded that they be allowed to land upon the sunny island that lay now before

them, and on the shores of which fat cattle grazed.

Ulysses groaned aloud; for well did he know the danger that lay in wait for them upon this sunny island.



LAMPETIA COMPLAINS TO APOLLO.

But the men were desperate and heeded not his warning. In the night, while Ulysses slept, they left the vessel, reached the island, slew the cattle, and sat down to merry feasting.

Now these were sacred cattle, loved and

tended by the goddess-shepherd, Lampetia; and when in the morning she saw the skin and bones of her slain cattle lying upon the shore, and knew they had been slain by the crew of Ulysses, she called aloud to Jupiter and said, "See, O Jupiter, what these wicked ones have done. Nor will I rest, nor shall there be fruits or grains; the sun shall not shine, and there shall be desolation in all the earth, unless thy vengeance fall full speedily upon these Greeks."

Then up rose great Jupiter, and said, "This complaint, O Lampetia, is most just, and for their impious act these Greeks shall suffer. No more shall they look upon the light of day. I will, when night hangs dark upon the sea, send down my bright, swift thunderbolts; they shall cleave their boat in twain, and the wicked ones shall sink into the depths of the sea."

And so it was that in the dense darkness suddenly a terrible storm arose; the heavens grew red, and a great bolt, straight from the blackness overhead smote the vessel, tearing it from stem to stern, and carrying away both masts and men, as straws upon the restless waves.

The groans of the drowning men filled the air; but in the blackness no help could come from one to the other; only in the flashes of the lurid lightning could they see each other's wild faces, now and then struggling above the cold black waters.

Seizing a floating mast, Ulysses clung to it through the long black night. To this, when the morning came, he bound the broken helm, making thus for himself a raft; and on this raft, though so frail, he floated and drifted on the tide.

On, on, for nine long days and nights Ulysses floated, and terrible were the sufferings he endured from hunger, from thirst, from cold, and from the terrors of the sea.

ULYSSES FLOATING ON THE MAST.

But there came a time, even as had been decreed, when the hero landed upon a friendly isle, where food and care were given him, and after days of rest, a brave crew of Phæcian

youths set out with him upon the sea, and rowed him safe to the shores of his own loved Ithaca.

A deep sleep lay upon Ulysses, and scarcely was he conscious of the voyage. Then, when the keel grated upon the shores of Ithaca, most carefully the youths lifted him, still sleeping, from out the vessel, placed him upon the soft hill slope beneath the trees, then quietly rowed away.

For a long time Ulysses slept. Then, rising, he thanked the gods that at last his trials were at an end and that once more his feet might press the soil of his native land.

"Ulysses will come," Penelope had always said, even when all had given him up as dead. "I know Ulysses will yet come."

And the boy, Telemachus, now a fine

straight youth, had been taught to say, "Some day my father will come."

And now, indeed, the brave hero had come; and great was the rejoicing throughout the city. Great festivals were held in honor of him, and sacrifices were offered to the gods.

But after these were over, content and happy, Ulysses, returning to his family and his acres, spent the remaing years of his life in peace, ever grateful to the gods who, through great danger, had thus brought him safely home at last.

VOCABULARY.

Achilles (*a-kil'ēz*). A Greek warrior, son of Peleus and Thetis.
Æolus (*ē'ō-lus*). The god of the winds.
Alpheus (*al-fē'us*). A river-god, son of Oceanus and Tethys.
Amazons (*am'a-zonz*). A race of women warriors.
Anteus (*an-tē'us*). A giant and wrestler, son of Poseidon and Ge.
Apollo (*a-pol'ō*). Son of Zeus and leader of the Muses.
Arethusa (*ar-ē-thū'sä*). A nymph who was changed into a spring.
Argos (*är'gos*). A city in Argolis, Greece.
Arion (*a-rī'on*). A fabulous horse, gifted with speech.
Ariadne (*ar-i-ad'nē*). Daughter of Minos, king of Crete.
Aristæus (*ar-is-tē'us*). The protector of the shepherds.
Atalanta (*at-a-lan'tä*). A maiden in Greek legend.
Artemis (*är'tē-mis*). Greek goddess of light, identified with Roman Diana.
Athens (*ath'enz*). The capital of Greece.
Atlas (*at'las*). The supporter of the sky.
Cassandra (*ka-san'drä*). A prophetess.
Castor (*kas'tor*). Brother of Pollux, son of Zeus and Leda.
Charybdis (*kä-rib'dis*). "Hole of Perdition," abyss.
Circe (*ser'sē*). An enchantress.
Corinth (*kor'inth*). A city of ancient Greece.
Cybele (*sib'é-lē*). Mother of the Olympian gods.
Cyclops (*sī'klops*). A race of one-eyed giants.
Cyrene (*sī-rē'nē*). A nymph, mother of Aristæus.
Dædalus (*dē'da-lus*). Deity of handicrafts and art.
Delos (*dē'los*). An island in the Ægian sea.
Diana (*dī-an'ä*). Goddess of the Moon.
Elysium (*ē-liz'ium*). The abode of the souls of the good.

Eurydice (*ū-rid'isē*). Wife of Orpheus.
Galatea (*gal-a-tē'ä*). A sea nymph.
Hades (*hā'dēz*). "The world of shades."
Hebe (*hē'bē*). Goddess of youth and spring.
Hector (*hek'tor*). Champion of the Trojans.
Hercules *her'cū-lēz*). God of strength and courage.
Hermes (*her'mēz*). Messenger of the gods.
Hesperides (*hes-per'i-dēz*). Maidens, guardians of the golden apples
Hippomenes (*hip-pŏm'-ĕnēz*). A youth who raced with Atalanta.
Hydra (*hī'drä*). A monstrous dragon.
Icarus (*ik'a-rus*). Son of Dædalus.
Iris (*ī'ris*). Goddess of the rainbow.
Ithaca (*ith'a-kä*). One of the Ionian islands. Greece.
Juno (*jō'nō*). Roman divinity, identified with Greek Hera.
Jupiter (*jō'pi-ter*). Roman divinity, identified with Greek Zeus.
Lampetia (*lam-pē'ī-a*). Apollo's daughter.
Mercury (*merkū-ri*). God of trade, science, arts, etc.
Minerva (*mi-ner'vä*). One of the three chief divinities.
Minos (*mī'nos*). A king of Crete.
Minotaur (*min'-ō târ*). A monster with a human body and a bull's head
Neptune (*nep'tūn*). God of the Sea.
Nemea (*nē'mē-ä*). A valley in Argolis.
Nereids (*nē'rē-idz*). Sea nymphs.
Olympus (*ō-lim'pus*). A mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly.
Orion (*ō-rī'on*). A giant and hunter.
Orpheus (*ôr'fūs*). Son of Apollo, a wonderful musician.
Paris (*par'is*). Second son of Priam, king of Troy.
Peleus (*pē'lē-us*). A king in Thessaly, father of Achilles.
Penelope (*pē-nel'ō-pē*). Wife of Odysseus and mother of Zelemachus.
Peneus (*pe-nē'us*). A river in Greece.
Periander (*per-i-an'der*). Tyrant of Corinth.
Phæcia (*fē-ā'shi-ä*). A mythical land.
Pluto (*plō'to*). Lord of the infernal regions.
Pollux (*pol'uks*). Twin brother of Castor.
Polyphemus (*pol-i-fē'mus*). A one-eyed giant.
Priam (*pri'am*). A king of Troy.

Procrustes (*prō-krus'tez*). An attic robber.
Proteus (*prō'te-us*). A sea-god.
Samos (*sā'mos*). An island in the Ægean sea.
Scylla (*sil'ä*). A sea-monster.
Sirens (*sī'rens*). Evil sea-nymphs.
Styx (*sticks*). A river which flows in the lower world.
Telemachus (*te-lem'a-kus*). Son of Odysseus and Penelope.
Theseus (*thē'sē-us*). The youth who killed the minotaur.
Thetis (*thē'tis*). Chief of the Nereids.
Ulysses (*ū-lis'ēz*). A king of Ithaca.
Venus (*rē'nus*). Goddess of beauty.

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